STAR PRIZES TO BE WON...SEE "BUSTER GIGGLES" INSIDE!

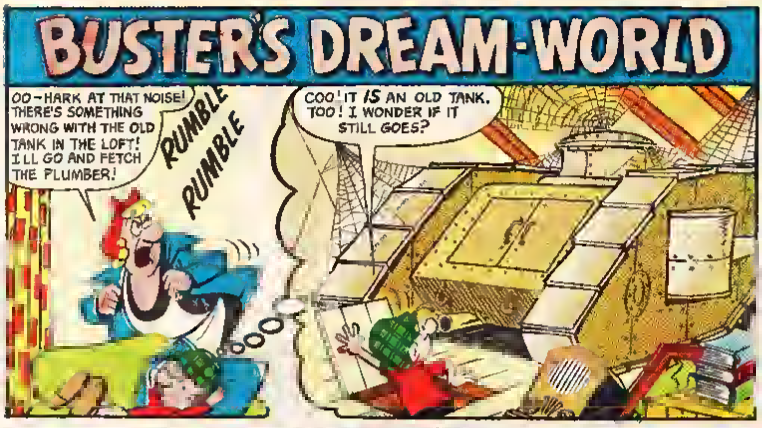
BUSTER and Giggle

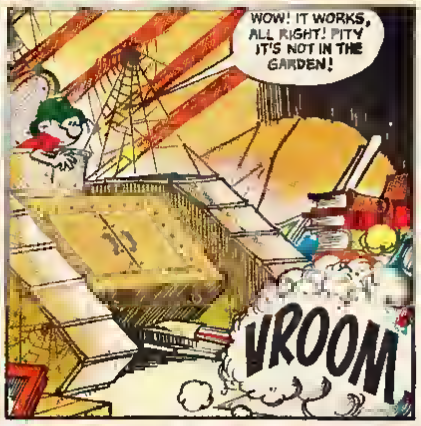
7d

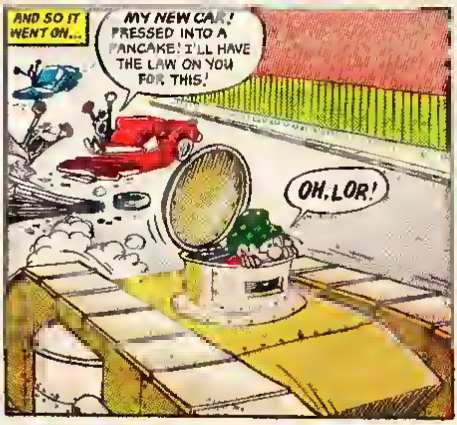
EVERY MONDAY 18th MAY, 1968

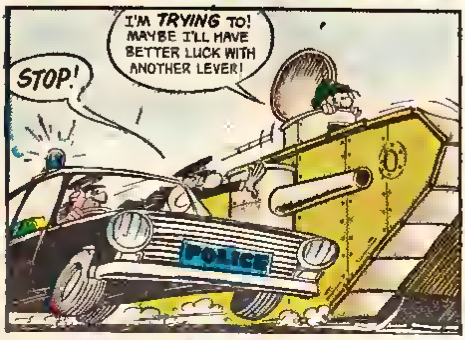
Australia 10 cents | New Zealand 10 cents ; South Africa 10 cents | Rhodesia 1/- | East Africa 1 00 cents | West Africa 1/- | Malta 9d | Canada 15 cents ; Malaysia 40 cents , Danmark Kr 1·85 ; Deutschland Dm 55 | Espana Pes 10 0 , Nederland Fl 65 | Norge Kr 1 25 , Portugal Esc 5 0 , Suomi Fm 60 | Sverige Kr 75 ; Italia L. 120

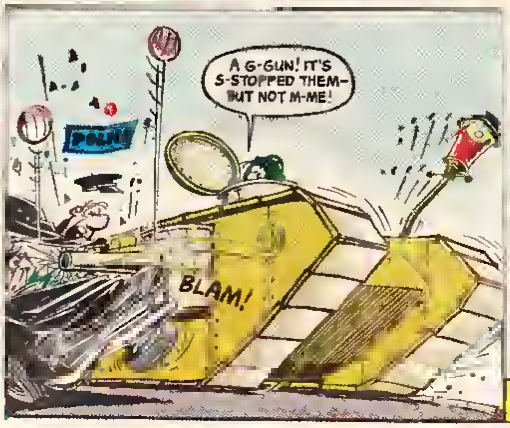
BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD











CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER...

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JIM AND DANNY SAW GALAXUS FALL—BUT WERE POWERLESS TO INTERVENE!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. His only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—posed as tourists and took him to a chemist's shop for treatment after he had been stung by a wasp. But while the boys tried to distract the owner's attention, tiny Galaxus staggered to an open window . . . and fell out!

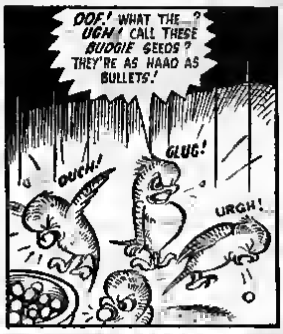
DANGER BELOW GROUND... IN THE SHAPE OF A FEARSOME RODENT!

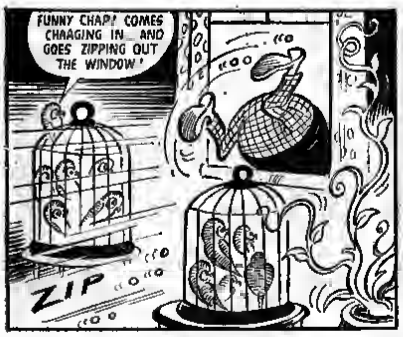
Continued overleaf...

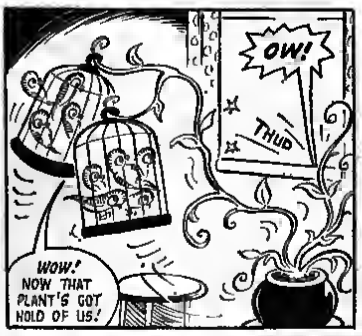
NEXT WEEK: PERIL STRIKES FROM WITHIN THE NUCLEAR EXPERIMENTAL STATION!

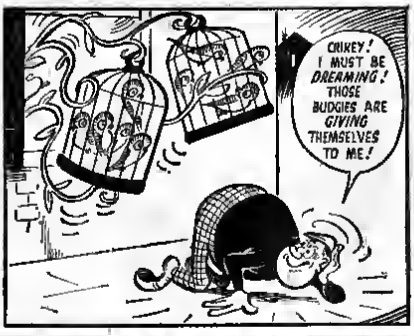
TROUBLE STEMS FROM A FAST-GROWING PLANT! IT STALKS A BUDGIE BURGLAR!

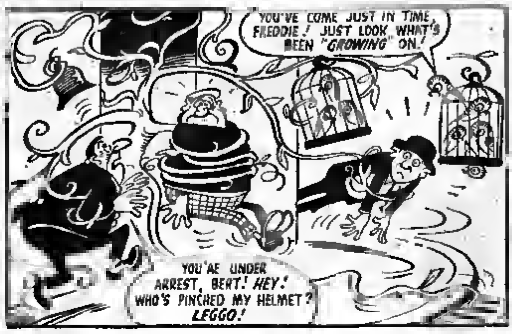
FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES









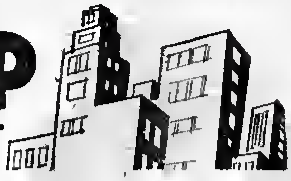


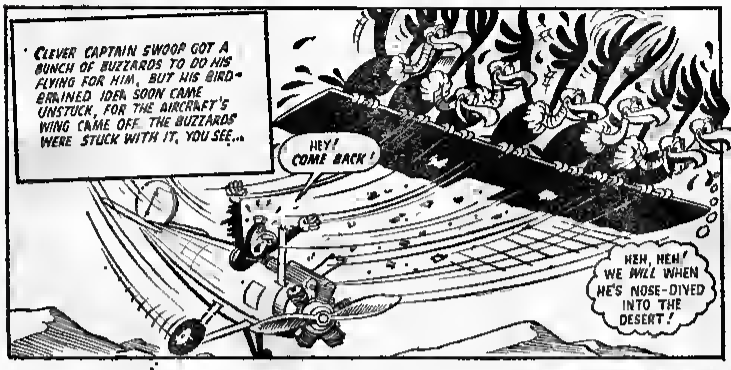
THE BUDGIES VISIT A RESTAURANT NEXT MONDAY — BECAUSE THEY'RE FEELING PECKISH!

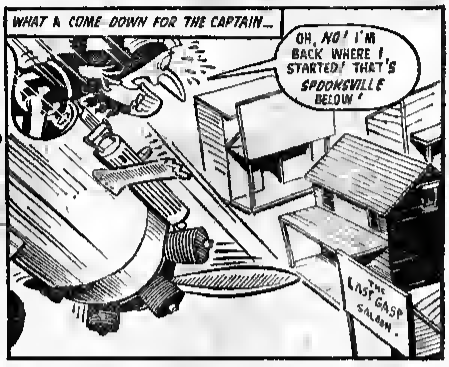
SWOOP CRASHES INTO A PIANO, AND STRIKES THE WRONG NOTE FOR SOME CRAFTY COWBOYS!

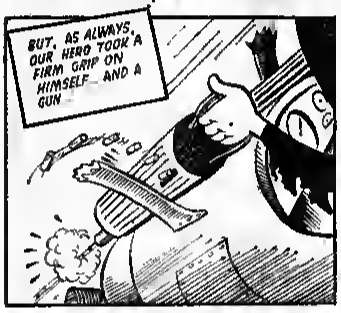
CAPTAIN SWOOP

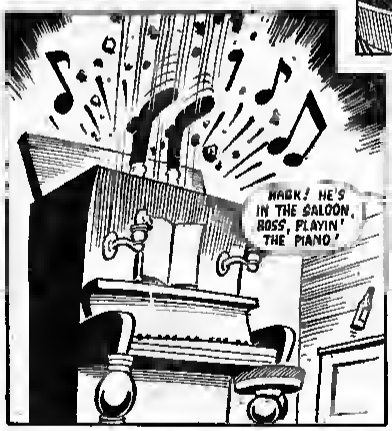
HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT

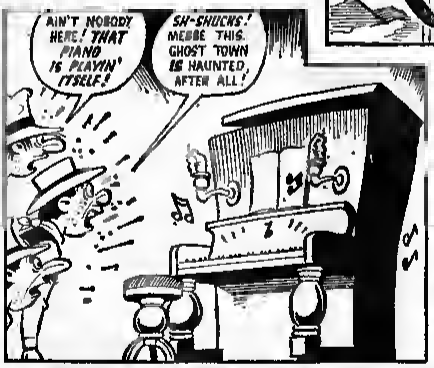


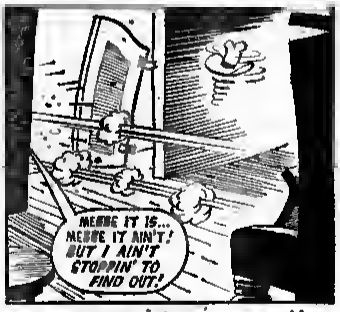


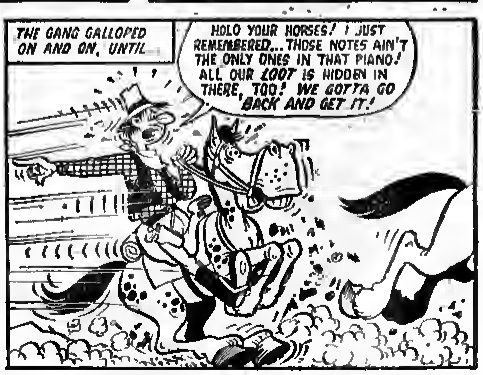












WILL THE TOWN BE BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD SWOOP, CATMAN AND THE BANDITS? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

FREE

In No. 3 of

JAG

THE BIG NEW BOYS' PAPER

OUT NOW!

Actual size 15" x 20"

SOCCER'68

BRITAIN'S FOOTBALL CLUB COLOURS

Second of two big wall charts showing footballers in their club colours.

You must read these gripping picture serials

The Penalty Area—The Mouse Patrol—The Indestructible Man—Thunder Bill —Cap'n Codsmouth.

ALSO EXCITING PICTURE FEATURES AND FEATURES TO READ

Explode into action NOW and EVERY WEEK with

THIS SENSATIONAL WEEKLY

JAG

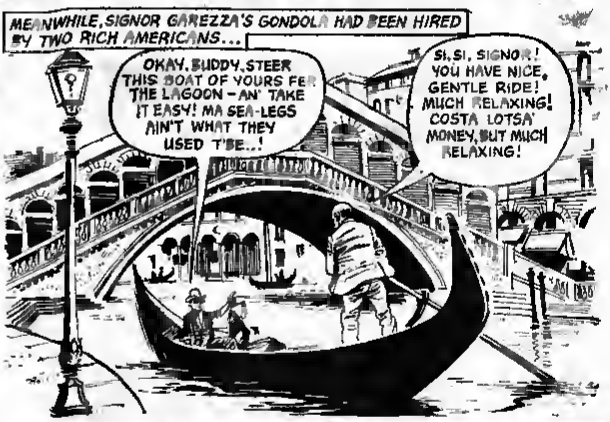
A Fleetway Magazine

7d every Saturday

A SWIFT, STUNNING BLOW SENT FISHBOY REELING!

FISHBOY
Denizen of the Deep

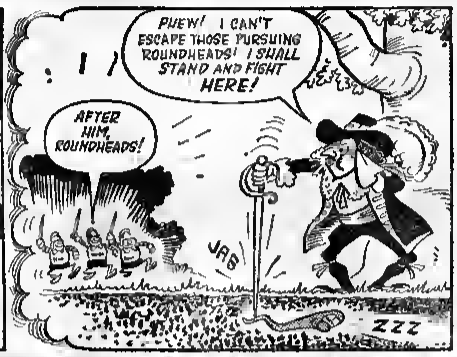
Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching Venice, in Italy, he befriended an orphaned gondola-boy named Nicco Temberelli. Nicco took Fishboy home—but that night, disaster struck . . .

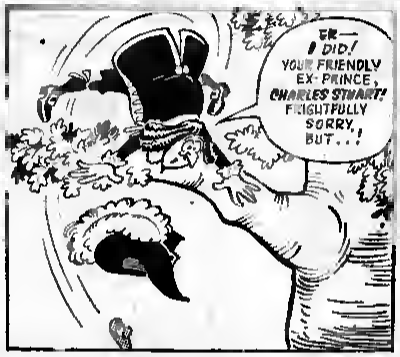


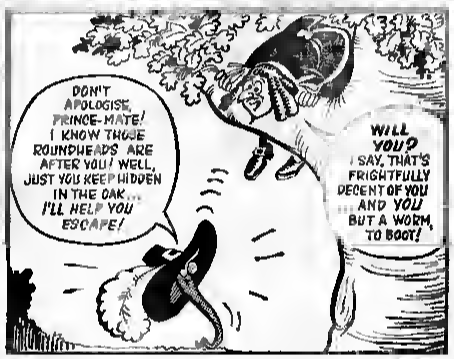
WHAT PART WILL THE FROGS PLAY IN FISHBOY'S PLAN? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S EPISODE!

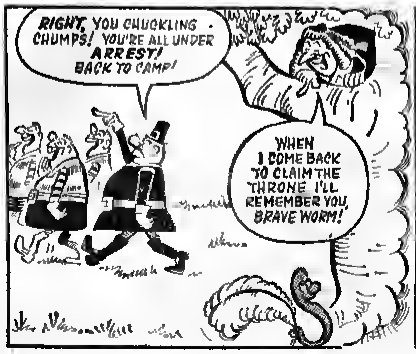
WILFRED WORM HAS THE LAST LAUGH IN A RATHER TICKLISH SITUATION!

Wonder Worm







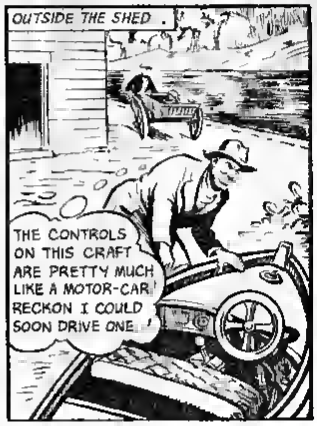


NEXT WEEK'S TALE WILL TAKE THE CAKE... IT STARS A WORM FRIEND OF KING ALFRED!

DRAMA IN A BOATYARD! CHARLIE HAD TO ESCAPE, OR HE WAS SUNK!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace

Having been transported in a time-machine through a hundred years, Charlie Peace found modern London far different from that of Victorian days. Amazing new inventions confronted him at every turn . . .



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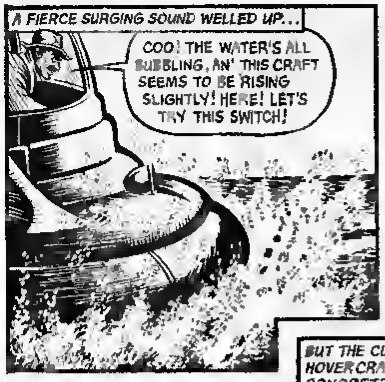
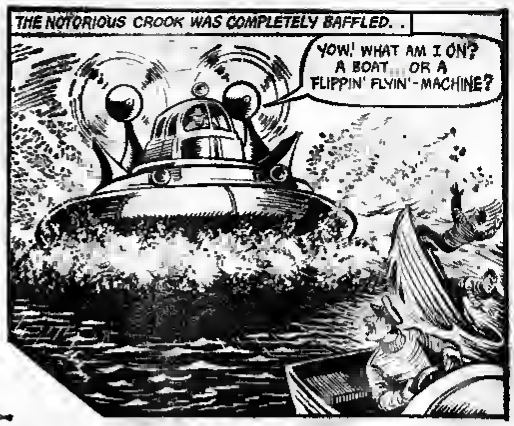
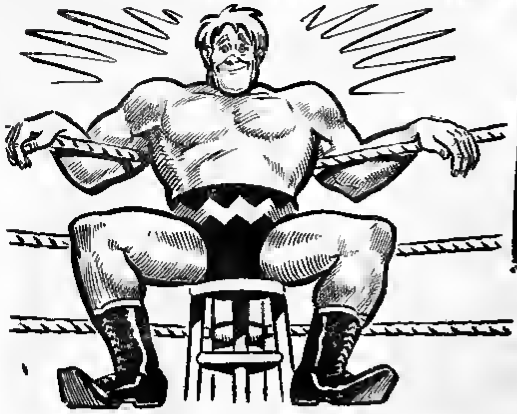
THE HOVERCRAFT SWEPT ON—LEAVING CHAOS AND CONFUSION IN ITS WAKE!





THRILL TO ANOTHER EXPLOIT OF THE AGE-OLD THIEF IN NEXT WEEK'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

UNKNOWN TO NUTTY, SOME MONKEY BUSINESS WAS TAKING PLACE NEARBY!



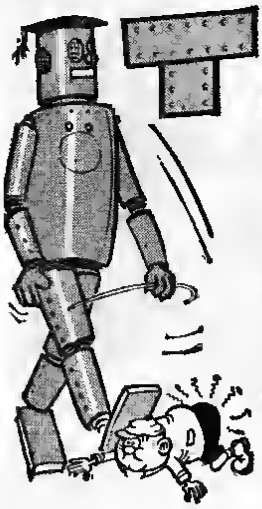
NUTTY SLACK
The GENTLE GRAPPLER

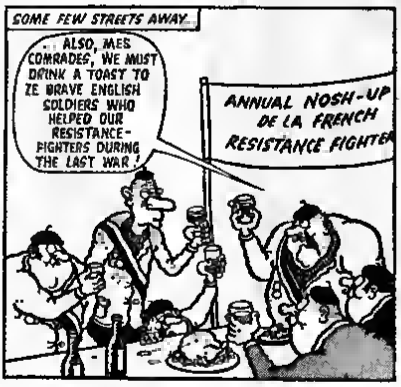
In America, Nutty Slack's reputation as a wrestler had earned him the job of stuntman in a jungle film. Unaware that three other stuntmen, who had also wanted the job, planned to get even with him, Nutty was given the task of fighting a man dressed as a gorilla in the big scene of the film . . .

CAN NUTTY ESCAPE FROM THE GORILLA'S GRIP? KEEP YOUR HEADS UNTIL NEXT MONDAY, PALS!

BEETLE TAKES THE RISE OUT OF T-T AND THE HEADMASTER—BUT THEY'RE NOT TOO DOWNHEARTED!

TIN TEACHER

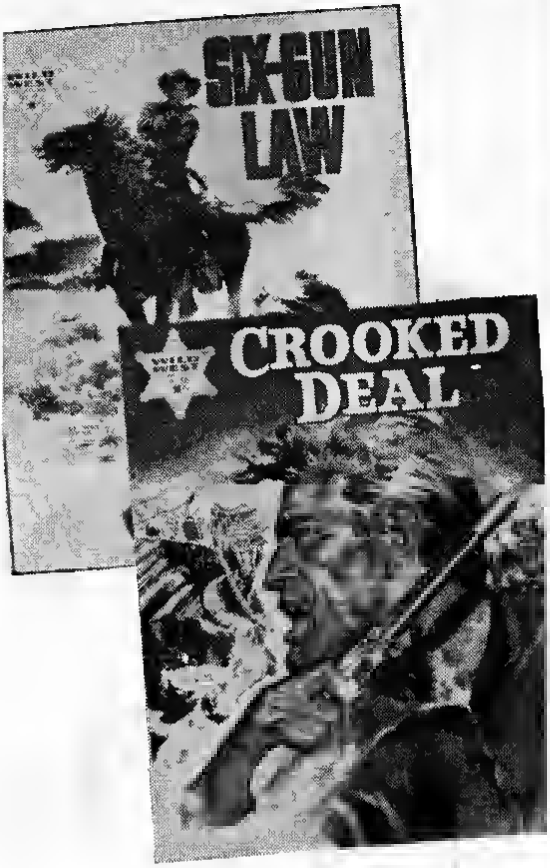




ALTHOUGH TIN TEACHER UPSETS SOME MOTORISTS NEXT WEEK, HE'S ON THE RIGHT ROAD FOR LAUGHS!

NOW ON SALE!

Action, Thrills and Adventure from the Old West



SIX-GUN LAW No. 49

He had a famous name so they pinned a star on his shirt. But his father's reputation hung heavily on his shoulders.

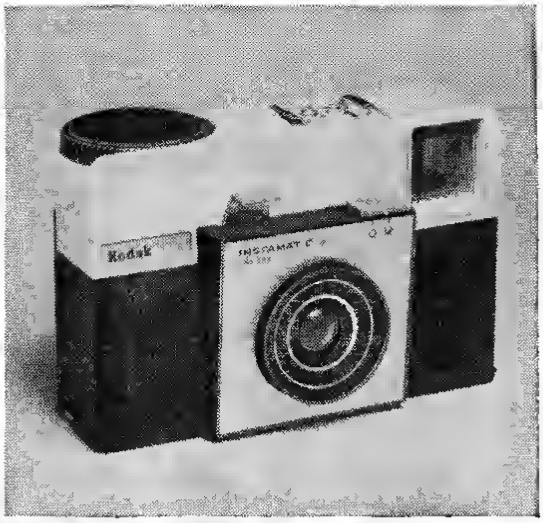
CROOKED DEAL No. 50

The law of the West could be ruthless and swift—as Lon Russell, cattle-thief and murderer, was to discover to his cost.

WILD WEST picture library

Two new titles the first Monday of every Month 1s Dd each *(UK price only)* from newsagents and booksellers everywhere.

A FLEETWAY Library



How to get an easy camera the hard way.

Short of having a birthday every month, or passing exams every day, the good things in life are hard to come by.

Take the Kodak Instamatic 25 camera in our picture.

That's one of the good things in life.

It's small, you can load it in three seconds, and it takes super pictures almost anywhere.

In colour or black-and-white.

So.

How to get it? (It costs around 55 shillings.)

Try cleaning the car.

Or take them all breakfast in bed, dropping nothing but hints.

It'll be worth it when you buy your Instamatic 25 camera.

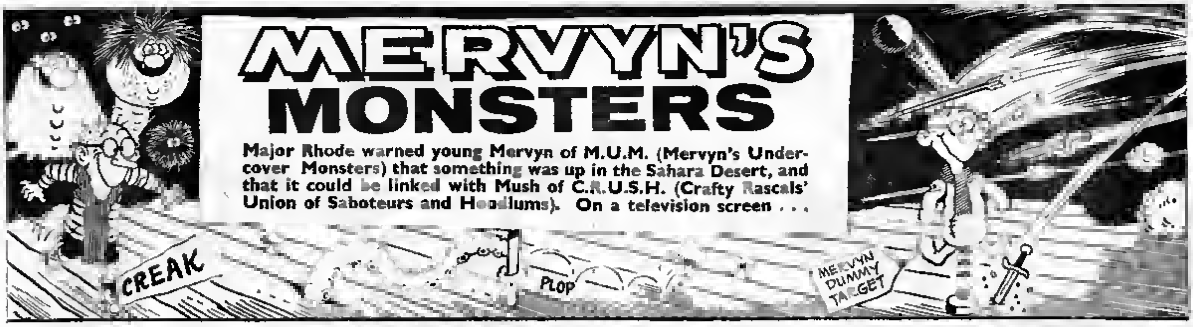
It's so easy to use, it makes the waiting worthwhile.

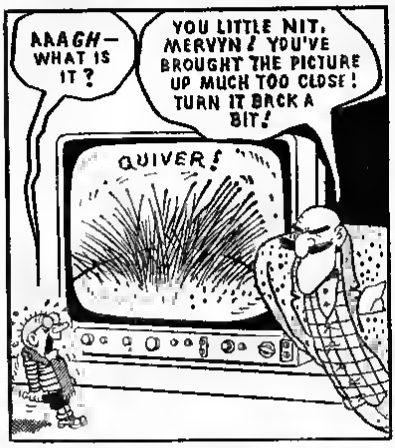
And you can spend many an idle hour taking pictures of everyone else working for their own cameras . . .

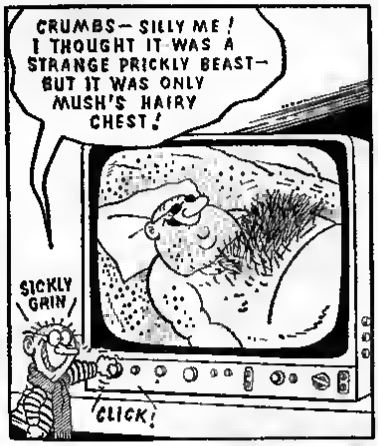
Kodak

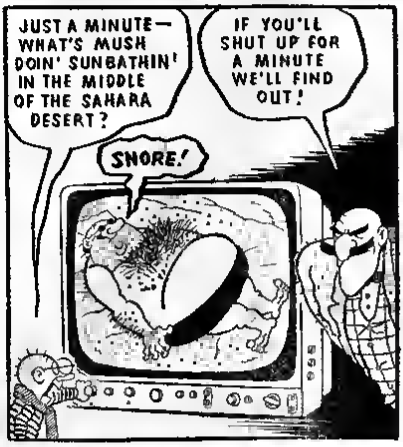
'Kodak' and 'Instamatic' are registered trade marks of Kodak Ltd.

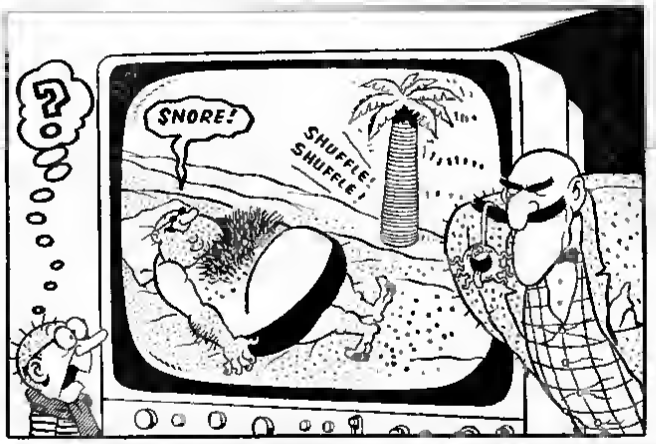
A PALM TREE PUTS THROUGH A TRUNK CALL TO MUSH OF C.R.U.S.H.!

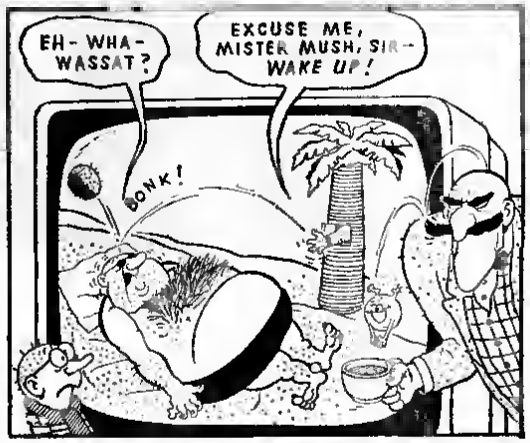


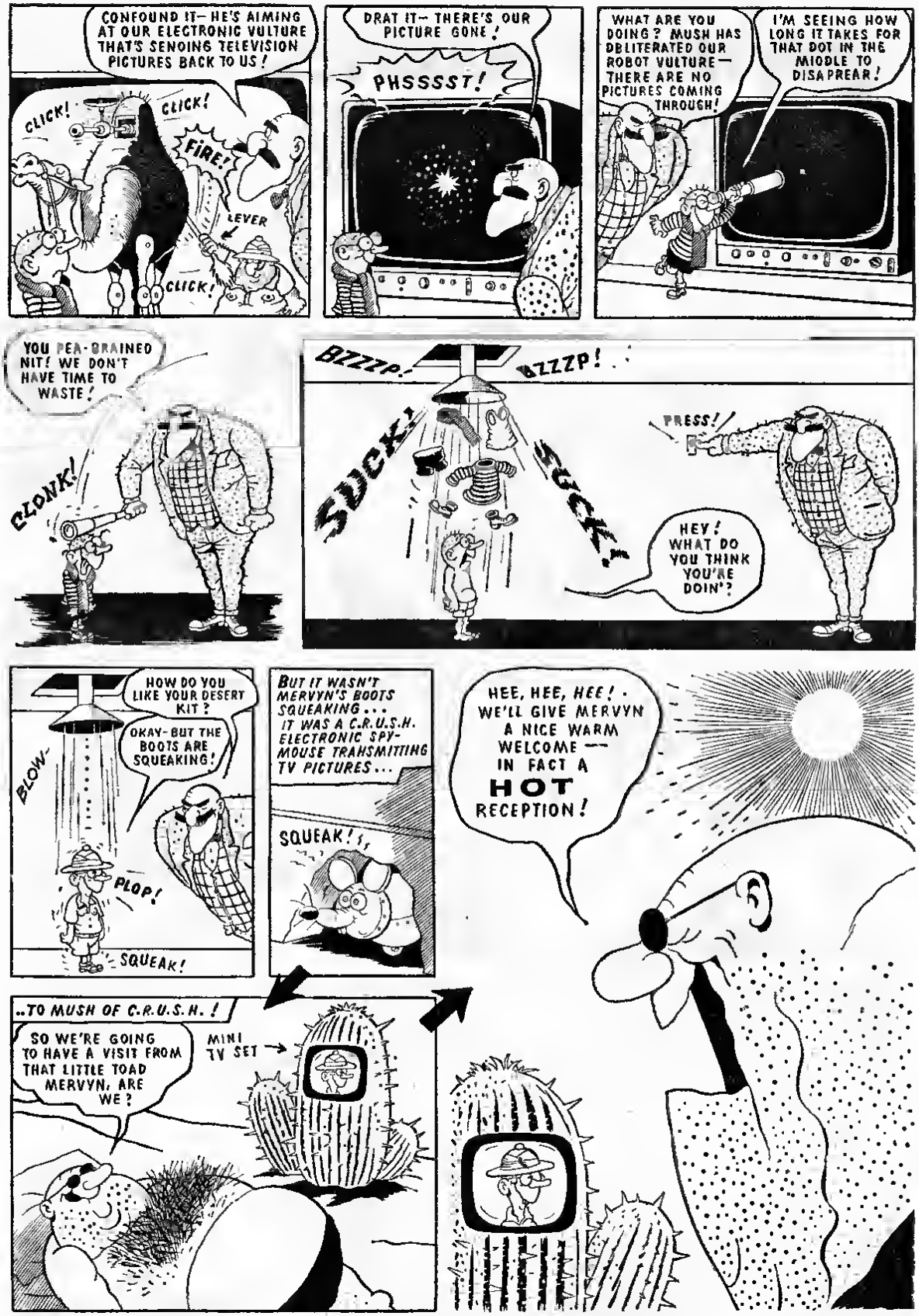








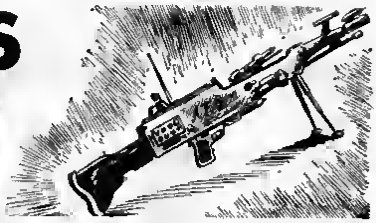




MERVYN WILL HAVE TO PLAY IT COOL TO AVOID GETTING A ROASTING NEXT WEEK! DON'T MISS THE FUN!

MICKY MARVEL HAD ONLY SECONDS TO GAIN VITAL INFORMATION!

MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel was the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could change into a real weapon. An old enemy named Dr. Zinn had stolen some prehistoric eggs and kidnapped Frank Riesman, a friend of the Marvels. In an Amazonian village, Micky used the gun to save himself and his father from a cattle-stampede, then captured the rogue who had started it . . .

THE MARVELS FACED A DANGER-RIDDEN JOURNEY... INTO THE LAND OF SAVAGE HEAD-HUNTERS!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

WHERE AND WHEN WILL DR. ZINN STRIKE FIRST? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

Hello, Mates!

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

LOTS of good things have happened this week—like my cricket team winning (we don't always)! Then I've made a whole lot of new friends by enrolling new readers in the Club. On top of all that, the Club Postbag has been full of interesting letters from members. Keep them rolling in—if yours is printed, you win a prize, and that goes for photos, too. Looking forward to hearing from you . . .

Buster.

WIN A PRIZE – WITH A WISH!

SUPPOSE you could have one wish—any wish at all—and be sure it would come true. What wish would you make?

You might for example, wish you could be like Sir Francis Chichester, and sail around the world single-handed. Or you might wish to be a cowboy, or the first astronaut to land on the moon!

Whatever your particular wish may be, jot it down on a postcard with a few words to explain why this is your choice.

Special prizes will be awarded for the ten best and most original or amusing cards received by Thursday, 23rd May.

Don't forget to add your full name, address and birth date and print "WISH" in the top left corner of your card before posting it to the Club address. Only BUSTER Club members can enter, of course.

Four New Faces

Meet Kevin Jones, of Colwyn Bay. Kevin is nine, and lists his hobbies as soccer, swimming and roller-skating.

Roy Brandys hails from Tamworth. Stamp-collecting, football, and reading BUSTER are his favourite pastimes.

From Sheffield, here's David Cooper, aged 11. David likes cricket and football, but fishing most of all!

Wakefield member Eamonn Cotter is 13. He enjoys bird-watching and collects fossils and unusual stones.

A Goldfish Shampoo!

HERE'S a letter from **Mervin Johnston** of Lurgan, Northern Ireland: "I am just writing to tell you about my little sister. When she was two years old she went to play in the kitchen with her dolls. I left her by herself for a few minutes, thinking she wasn't likely to get into any mischief. When I came back I found her sitting on the floor with her head soaking wet—she had washed her hair in the goldfish bowl! We all had a good laugh." *All of you except the fish, I'll wager!*

Is this your week to win a BIRTH DATE PRIZE?

HERE they are, mates—six more chances for date-spotters to win the prize of their choice: **Model Vintage Car Kit, Pocket Knife, Fountain Pen, Writing Folder** or **Disguise Outfit.**

If the *exact* day, month and year of your birth is printed on the right, and provided you joined the Club before Monday, 6th May, write your choice of prize on a postcard, together with your full name, address and date of birth. Now solve this easy puzzle and the prize is yours:

DINGO	HYENA	COYOTE
AMERICA	AUSTRALIA	AFRICA

Just match up the animals in the first line with the places they come from in the second line

Write the answers on your postcard, mark it "BIRTH DATE GAME" and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 23rd May. Overseas members have until 12th September. More dates next week!

8th September, 1957
12th January, 1959
2nd April, 1961
15th July, 1956
25th November, 1958
27th February, 1960

★ **MY ADDRESS:** Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

TAKE BUSTER'S TIP . . . ORDER **YOUR** COPY, TOO!

FREE 20 diff. GREAT BRITAIN LARGE COMMEMORATIVES (A few of which are shown here)

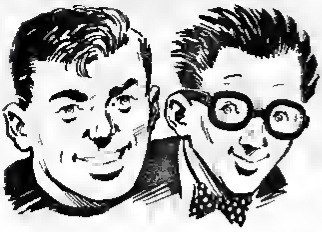
Send a 4d stamp for postage and ask to see our famous PICTORIAL DISCOUNT APPROVALS.

Approvals are not sent outside the British Isles but this offer can be had for 3/- to those not wanting our approvals.

(Please tell your parents you are applying)

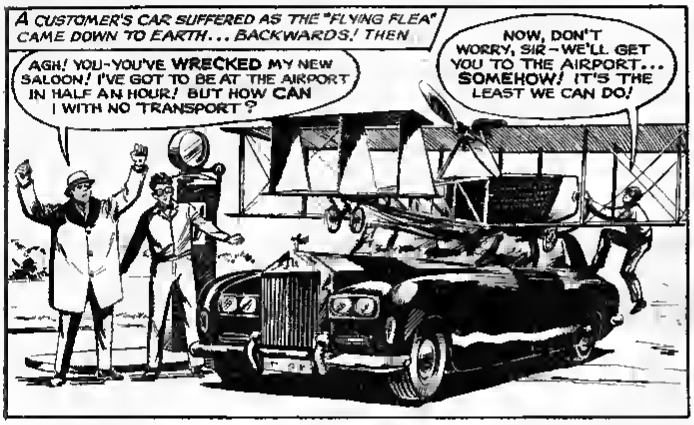
THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO. (BT85),
33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER, DORSET

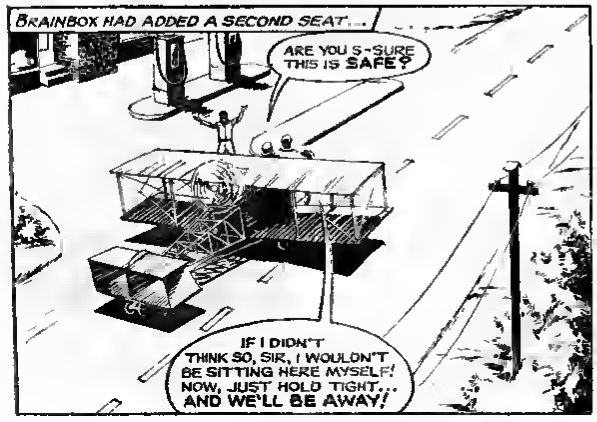
THE "FLYING FLEA'S" TRIAL HAD CERTAINLY MADE AN IMPACT... BUT OF THE WRONG KIND!

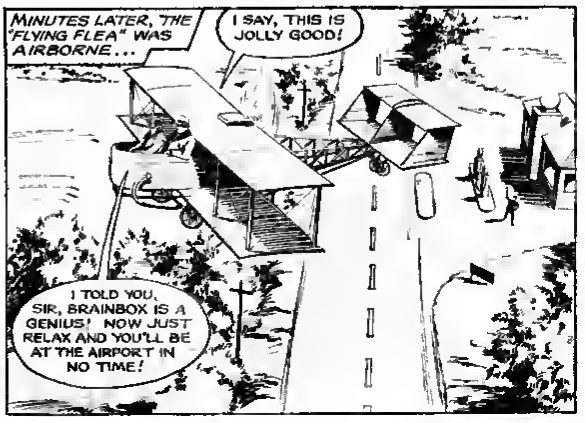


The SKID KIDS

Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox were managing a small country garage for a while. Brainbox built a powerful but compact engine and installed it in a tiny aeroplane which he called the "Flying Flea". Simon tested the machine, only to get into difficulty . . .







SURE ENOUGH, THE TINY PLANE MADE A SAFE LANDING...

I SAY, THAT WAS MARVELLOUS! NOW, IF YOU MEND MY CAR FOR ME BY THE TIME I GET BACK WE'LL SAY NO MORE ABOUT THE ACCIDENT, EH?

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, SIR!

MEANWHILE, BRAINBOX WAS WORKING ON ANOTHER IDEA...

I'VE JUST READ ABOUT AN AEROPLANE RACE! I WONDERED IF MY FRIEND AND I COULD ENTER? WE'VE GOT A SMASHING AIRCRAFT, SIR!

AIR NEWS

LONDON TO CAPE TOWN AIR RACE £5,000 FIRST PRIZE

THIS MAGAZINE OFFERS BIG CASH PRIZES TO PILOTS WHO ENTER OUR SENSATIONAL AIR RACE. ALL OWNERS MUST BE PILOTED BY THEIR PLANES AND CARRY A NAVIGATOR. THE RACE WILL COMMENCE FROM AN AIRFIELD NEAR LONDON AND THE FIRST PILOT TO ARRIVE IN CAPE TOWN WILL RECEIVE A SILVER CUP AND A CHEQUE FOR FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS

• JET AGE '68.

IN THE MAGAZINE EDITOR'S OFFICE...

YES, WE CAN ALLOW ONE MORE ENTRY, SIR...BUT THE RACE STARTS NEXT WEEK! CAN YOU BE READY IN TIME?

AIR NEWS

DON'T WORRY...WE'LL BE THERE!

WHEN SIMON RETURNED FROM THE AIRPORT...

BRAINBOX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WE'RE ENTERING A RACE NEXT WEEK, SIMON...TO SOUTH AFRICA! YOU'D BETTER GET SOME MAPS...I DON'T KNOW THE WAY!

A RACE TO SOUTH AFRICA...BUT HOW DO WE GET THERE?

BY PLANE! THE FIRST ONE I MADE WORKED OKAY, SO I'M BUILDING A BIGGER ONE...WITH TWO ENGINES! YOU GET THE STORES AND GEAR READY!

SIMON OBEYED...

TWENTY TINS OF BEANS? TWENTY TINS OF SOUP? HEY, WHAT ARE YOU TWO UP TO THIS TIME?

FLYING TO SOUTH AFRICA...IT'S BRAINBOX'S IDEA! WE'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD — IF WE EVER GET THERE!

THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE WAS TO START...

THE STORES ARE ALL ABOARD! HAVE YOU FINISHED EVERYTHING ELSE?

JUST GOT TO TOUCH UP THIS PAINT-WORK AND IT'S DONE! AT LEAST...I THINK IT'S FINISHED, ALTHOUGH I'VE GOT A NASTY FEELING I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!

THEY TOOK OFF IN GREAT STYLE...

WELL, WE'RE UP...AND ON OUR WAY TO THE START!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BRAINBOX... BUT I'VE JUST FOUND OUT WHAT IT IS YOU FORGOT! THE UNDER-CARRIAGE...YOU FORGOT TO SCREW IT ON. WE'RE UP...BUT HOW DO WE GET DOWN?

WILL THE FIRST FLIGHT PROVE TO BE THE LAST? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

PANIC SPREAD IN THE HIGHLAND VILLAGE AS THE HUGE INSECT CRUSHED EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!

PERIL FROM BELOW

★ ★ ★

Giant insects which had emerged from the depths of the earth were terrorising the countryside, but when Dr. Dick Rivers and girl pilot Peggy Penfold destroyed a queen insect with an ultra-violet ray device, it seemed as if the danger was over. However, Dick's fears that more queens were breeding elsewhere were confirmed when another monster appeared in Scotland . . .

★ ★ ★

ARE THE TRAIN PASSENGERS DOOMED? SEE NEXT WEEK'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF THE GREAT PRIZES SHOWN BELOW !

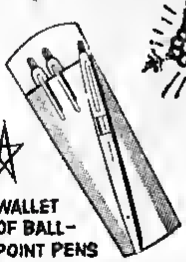
BUSTER Giggles

STAR PRIZES TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT JIGSAW PUZZLE

PAINTING-BY-NUMBERS SET



CHARM BRACELET

WALLET OF BALL-POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to.

" BUSTER Giggles ", FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO THE SENDERS OF EACH OF THE EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

1 .....

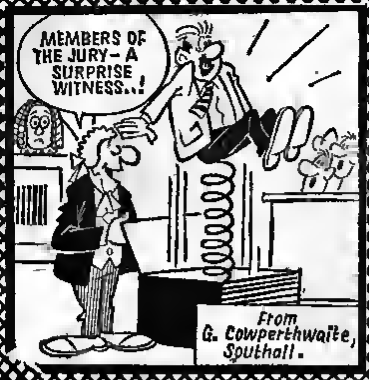
2 .....

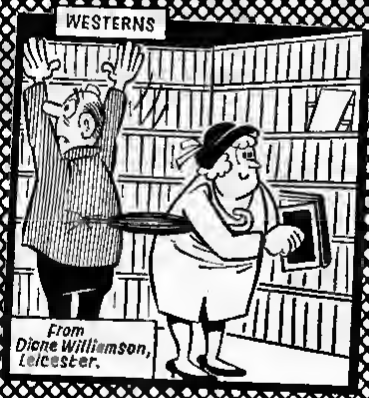
3 .....

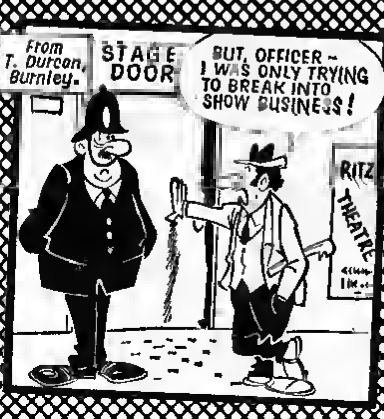
If I win, the gift I choose is:.....

.....

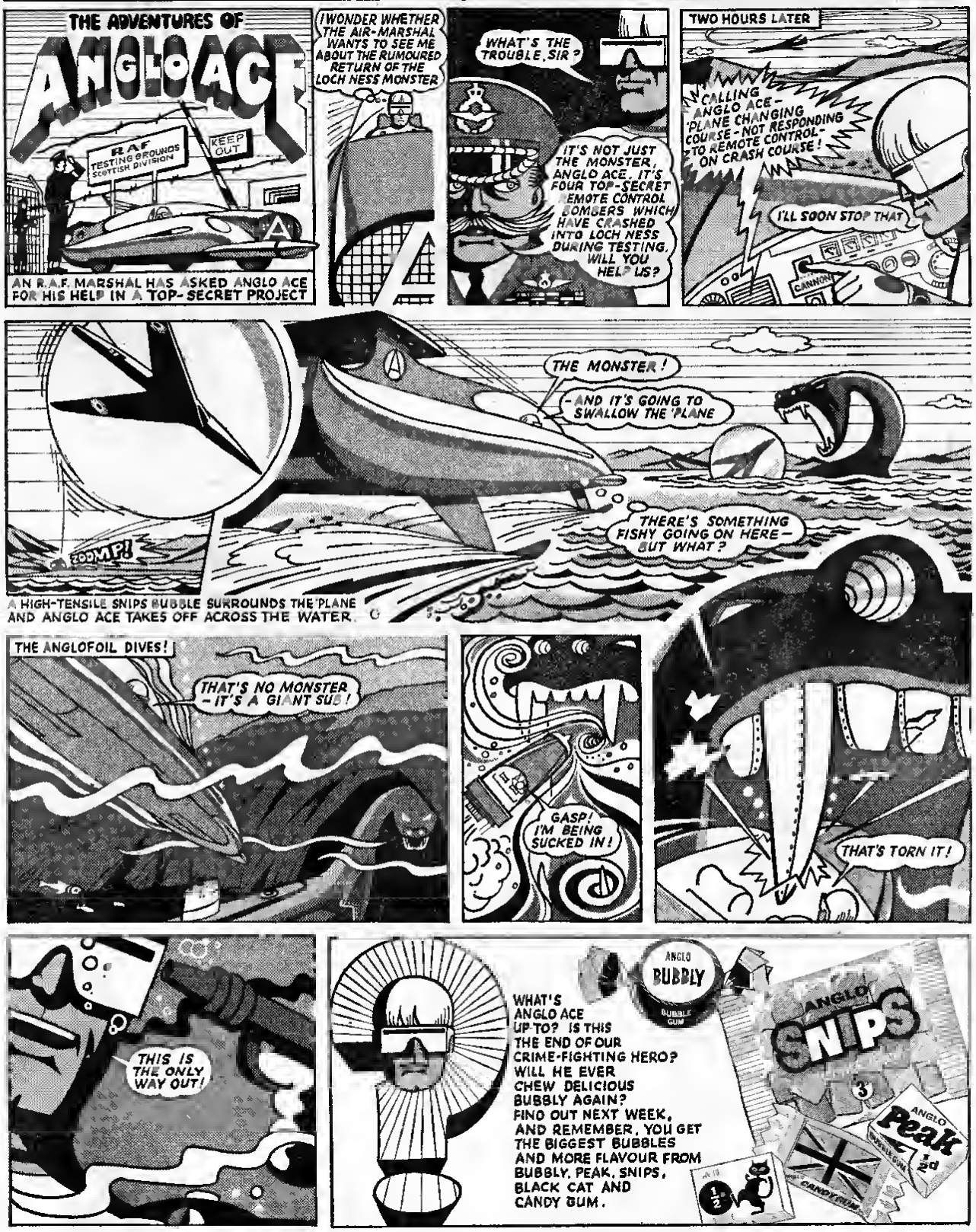
PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.







This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo

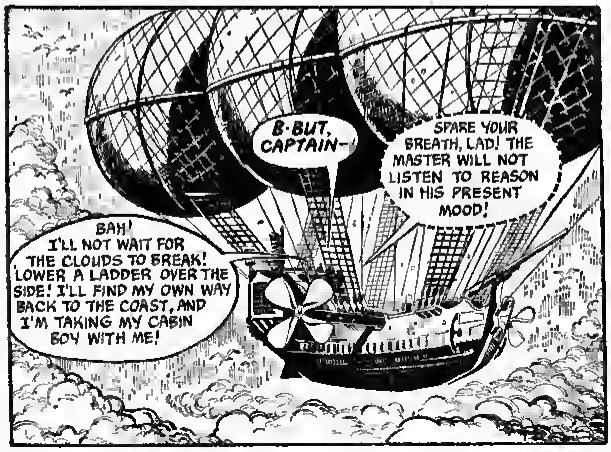


ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

LASHED BY THE STORM, THE AIRSHIP WAS FLUNG FAR OFF COURSE!

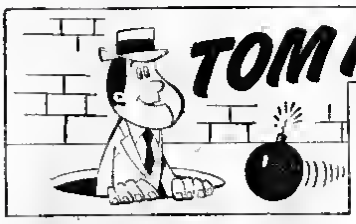
PATCH-EYE HOOKER
Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER PREFERED THE SEA TO THE SKY AND REFUSED TO COMMAND TOBIAS FLAGON'S AIRSHIP AS IT FLEW TOWARDS SOUTH AMERICA, WHERE THE PIRATE'S ENEMY PEG-LEG PALMER WAS SKULKING. HOOKER WAS STILL HOPING TO SPOT A SUITABLE SHIP TO CAPTURE WHEN THE AIRSHIP RAN INTO A STORM...



IS THERE STILL HOPE FOR WILL? CAN HE SAVE THE DAY? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

HERE'S A "GOAL-DEN" OPPORTUNITY FOR TOM TO SHOW HIS SKILL!



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

Team Work!

FOREIGN Minister Pickie looked worried. In his hand was a document which had arrived from Taptap. It put him in the picture about a ticklish situation.

"Hey you," he read. "*I have just bought a sponge and wish to use it to wipe somebody off the face of the earth. It might as well be you. What about a war starting tomorrow at 3 p.m.?*"

He picked up a pen and wrote:

"*Our army is going to the pictures, and I like to have them in bed early. What about a game of dominoes instead?*"

This made the authorities of Taptap angry. They held a meeting and decided to put Pickie in his place.

"I'm no good at dominoes," said the President. "Every time I look at 'em I see spots. Pickie knows that, the artful old man!"

"Let's offer to play 'em at hoopla!" said one of the Cabinet. "I'm very good at ringing things. I'm the school-bell puller and I could make rings around anyone else."

"No good," snapped the President. "They might ring the changes and then where would you be?"

Everybody gave three cheers except one man, who only gave two, as he was a bit of a skinflint.

"How would it be," said one, "if, instead of a war, we challenged them to a footer match?"

"What good's that? They might win!"

"I think not. I have a plan."

"What is it?"

The chap explained and later the challenge was issued.

Pickle was suspicious.

Some plot was behind this! Taptap would never play footer unless they were certain of winning.

He wrung his hands and his secretary answered. Pickle explained quickly.

"Goody, goody!" cried the secretary on hearing of the challenge. "That will be a better way of settling things than a noisy old war."

"Nonskinse! I mean, nonsense!" said Pickle. "It's a trick. They've got something up their sleeves."

"That won't matter if they're wearing jerseys."

"They'll diddle us. We must find out what they're up to. What is our Secret Service like?"

"Terrible! We've only got one spy, and everybody knows who he is and where he is. He eats onions, you see!"

"Then we must find a new spy. A clever, fly spy."

"Where can we find a spy fly?"

"Not a spy fly. A fly spy."

"The greatest man in the world lives in London," suggested the secretary.

"Where's that?"

"Where Big Ben is."

"Then send for Big Ben at once."

"Big Ben won't come here, sir. He's got a regular job telling people the time."

"He can come and tell me—my watch has come to harm and lost its hands!"

"He's not a watch—he's a clock."

"So what? If his clock is no worse than yours we can put up with it. We needn't look so long as he does this job."

"You don't understand, sir. Big Ben couldn't do *any* job."

"Why not?"

"Big Ben is a clock in London. Also in London is the man for this job. Tom Arto."

"Send for him!" commanded Pickle. "Money's no object. It never was, since we haven't any. Tell him to go to Taptap and find out what their game is."

So Tom travelled to Taptap and, disguised as a waistcoat button, perched on a minister's waistcoat and heard everything.

He lost no time in reporting to President Pickle.

"Taptap have scoured the world for footballers," he said. "They've found a player who's as good as ten men; they've found another who's twice as good as that, so that he counts twenty. That means they would have a team of thirty-nine!"

"Then we're in the soup."

"Not quite," said Tom. "I shall play."

"And I," announced Pickle.

"Good," said Tom. "I'll play centre forward, you play inside right, and your secretary can play the gramophone at half-time to entertain the crowd."

The day arrived and the ground was packed. Half an hour before the match was due to start the sun came out, but his mother called him and, being a dutiful son, he went in again.

The teams appeared. President Pickle looked a fine specimen; his legs looked like two pieces of string with knots in, and his chest would have looked massive if he'd had one.

Tom carried a carpet bag and, because of this, the referee approached him.

"What's in that bag?" he asked.

"Tools," replied Tom, using his loaf and thinking quickly. "A workman can't work without tools."

"I've never seen a footballer with a bag of tools before."

"You live and learn," responded Tom. "It will be something to tell the folks when you return home."

When it came to tossing for ends they had no penny, so they tossed the referee in a blanket. He came down heads, which meant that Tom was to kick-off.

The referee blew his whistle.

Nothing happened!

"Go on," said the referee. "Kick-off."

"Kick-off what?" said Tom.

"The ball."

"What for? It hasn't done anything to me."

Eventually the game commenced, and the Taptap player who was as good as ten men played like eight of them in the first minute, keeping two in hand.

The opposing team rushed towards the goal; it looked ominous. Tom opened his bag, took out a hammer, and broke up the attack.

And so it went on! Attack after attack was thwarted by Tom, who performed like a conjurer in shorts.

He produced an answer to every move by the Taptap team.

When they were awarded a free kick near the goal, Tom produced a pelican with a bill and charged the opposition for the shot. They couldn't afford it, so they weren't allowed to take it. Another escape! Phew!

The Taptap team couldn't take corners, either, as Tom had cut the edges off of the pitch with a pair of shears.

Time was slipping by, and so were any players who trod on the tin of polish Tom planted on the pitch.

Back came the Taptap team and it looked like a certain goal, when again Tom fished in his bag. He produced a pencil and drew the opposing forward into an offside position. Saved again!

One minute to go and no score! Tom took a watering can from his bag and performed a wonderful dribble up the field.

"Shoot!" roared the crowd.

Our hero produced a cannon from his bag and shot the ball into the net.

Tom's team had won!

The Taptap team left the field, and the country . . . never to return. They had met their match in the super special agent.

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in the next issue of "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!)

****

Keep Fit Fred . . .

MINI

HI-WAY SERIES

FORMULA 1 RACING CARS

Free-running models beautifully finished in correct national colours. Built to last, with pressed steel bodies, die-cast chassis, and resilient tyres.

8'3 EACH

Usaki (Japan)
Le Mans (France)
Daytona (U.S.A.)
Nürburg (Germany)
Monza (Italy)
Silverstone (G.B.)

Tri-ang TOYS LTD

TRI-ANG TOYS LTD. MORDEN ROAD, LONDON S.W.19

Paul Swales (16) is training as an electronics technician.

He's an Apprentice. He's at College. He gets paid.

Paul's an apprentice at an Army College. He's being taught by superb military and civilian instructors, and when he qualifies in two years time he'll know electronics inside out.

There's masses of free sport in the Army. Free hobbies too; ten weeks paid holiday a year (with plenty of money to take home!) and good times with good friends.

Only the Army will send you to college at 15—and pay you while you're there! If you're interested, and you're between 15 and 17, send off this coupon now.

It'll bring full information and details of over 50 trades you can choose from.

It'll bring you details of Army Junior Leaders' Units too, in which active, outdoor boys learn all the skills of leadership and soldiering.

To: Army Careers, MP6(A),
Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London W.1.
Please send me full details of Army College Apprenticeships and Junior Leaders' Units

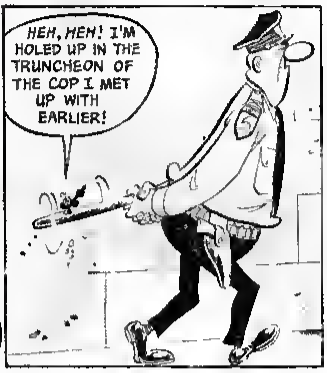
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
TOWN .....
COUNTY .....
DATE OF BIRTH .....

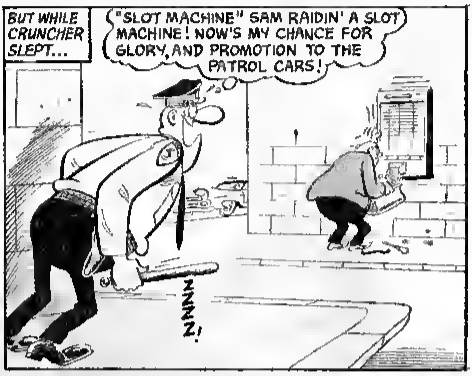
(You must be resident in the U.K.) J61451/001

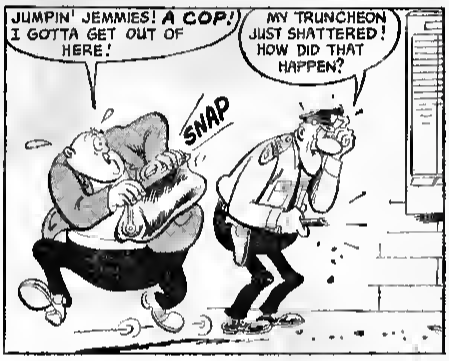
TRUST A COP TO BREAK UP A HAPPY HOME — ACCORDING TO CRUNCHER!

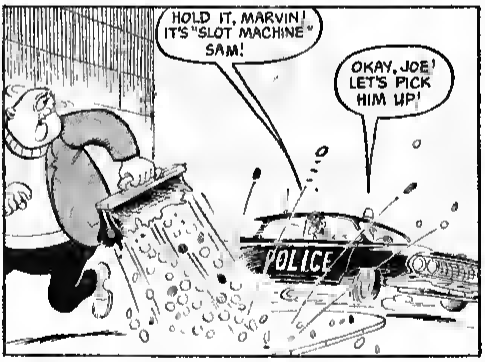
CRUNCHER

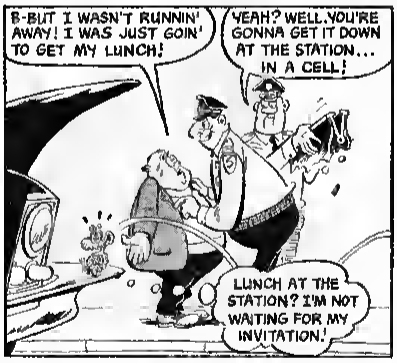
THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE

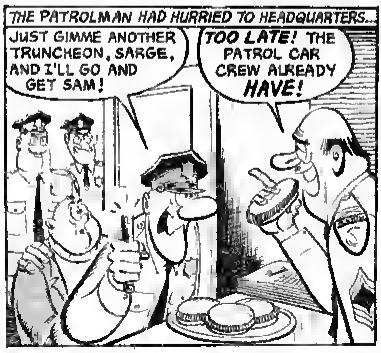


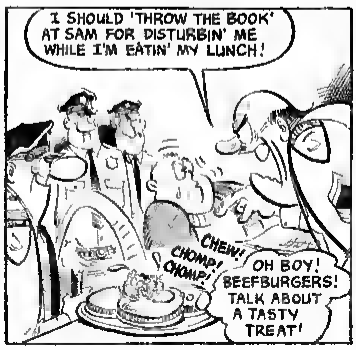






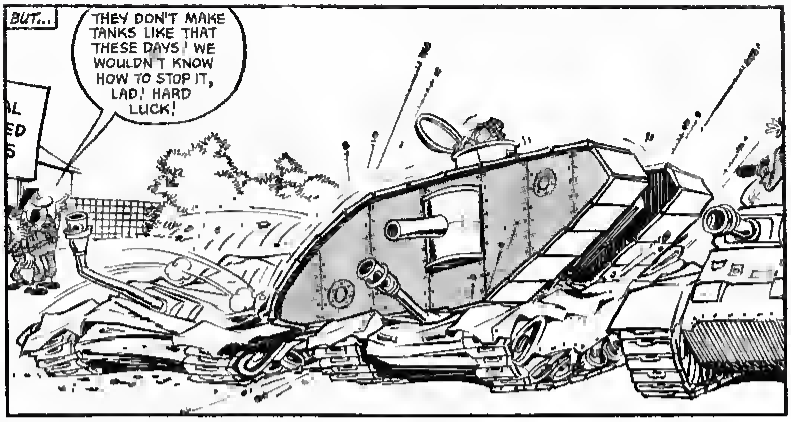


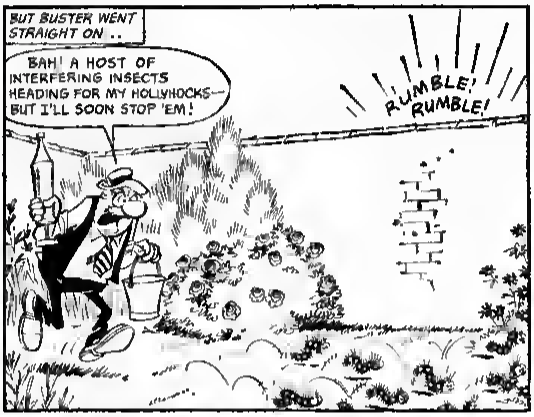


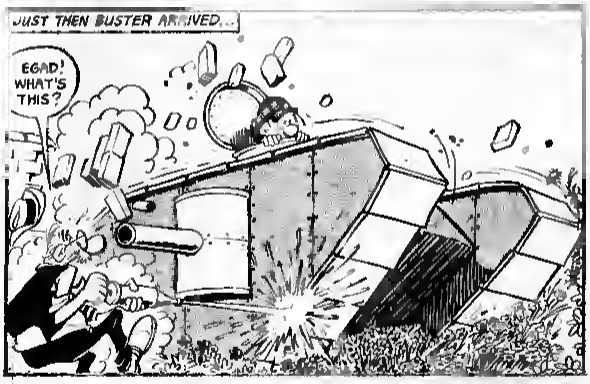


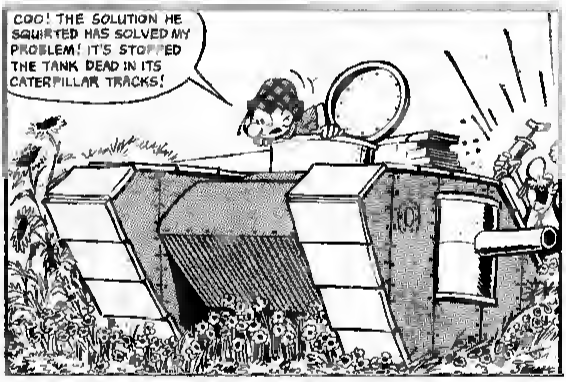
JUST TO WHET YOUR APPETITE, NEXT WEEK'S TALE FEATURES A HOT-DOG STALL!

Continued from front page









BUSTER DREAMS OF A WHALING EXPEDITION NEXT WEEK! OCEANS OF FUN IN STORE, PALS!

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—Saturday, 16th May 1968.

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The new all-action Ford Escort

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DINKY TOYS